Save your eyes for sight

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Save your eyes for sight

by BumblebeesAndDandelions

Summary

Adam gets kidnapped, and is forced to deal with it until Nigel can come.

Adam was focusing on the physical details, because otherwise he'd start thinking about the kidnappers and Nigel not knowing where he was.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

It was dark, and there was rope chafing against his wrists. Adam was focusing on the physical details, because otherwise he'd start thinking about the kidnappers and Nigel not knowing where he was and Adam not knowing where he was, and he'd have a meltdown and it would likely make the kidnappers frustrated, because it made everyone frustrated and they seemed more prone to it than most, and- physical details.

Focus.

Rope tied too tight at his wrists, pulling his shoulders back uncomfortably. He was sitting on the ground, legs crossed, one shoulder to the wall. He'd lean against the adjoining wall, but his hands were trapped behind him and it would be uncomfortable to lean back, so instead he was just near the corner. It was dark, which was probably good, because darkness was generally calming and there were likely stressful things he couldn't see right now, and it would be worse if he could see them. The men who had taken him were still here, he could hear them outside the room, voices too low and obscured to make out anything useful.

He'd been in this room for at least two hours, which meant he'd missed lunch with Nigel, which meant Nigel knew something had happened to him. Nigel knew he wouldn't break his routine on purpose. He would probably know who had kidnapped Adam, too. He had far more enemies then Adam, and made enemies with bad people a lot. Adam had been helping with that, it was difficult to be dangerous if you were arrested because evidence of your crimes were sent anonymously to the police, or if all of your contacts got burned at the same time, their information dumped across the internet. So maybe they were Adam's enemies too, if they were people he'd done that to.

He counted the seconds of his breathing. One two three in, one two three four out. Even and quiet. It usually helped calm him, but it wasn't working very well right now, the stress of the situation too much for the exercise.

Positives, Nigel liked when he listed positives, when Nigel was feeling bad. He'd hug Nigel and list good things until he stopped crying, until he calmed enough to slip into sleep. They hadn't hurt him, other than the rope at his wrists and hitting him in stomach once when they first grabbed him, because he'd struggled and they didn't like it. He hadn't had a meltdown the whole time, although he may have one later, once he was safe and able to. Nigel would come for him, and save him. Hurting people often gave Nigel an adrenaline rush, and so did anything stressful relating to Adam, and this would be both, and Adam enjoyed very much when he used that energy in the bedroom. He got possessive enough when Adam got a new coworker, this would almost certainly lead to a weekend spent entirely in bed, Nigel determined to mark every inch of his skin. The thought was distracting enough that he stopped fidgeting in the ropes momentarily, before the stress rose up again.

The skin was already split from his movements, and he knew there was blood because he could feel it tracking wet paths down his hands and fingers. He shouldn't struggle against them, but the pain was grounding, it helped him stay in his body. He knew Nigel wouldn't like it when he saw it. Nigel didn't like when he hurt himself, even if it was during a meltdown or an accident, and this was sort of both, and sort of neither.

The blood was drying, tacky on his skin. It cracked across his knuckles when he flexed his hands, the movement causing fresh blood to trickle down again. He flexed his hand again, rotating his wrist so it popped, listening to the wet plops of the blood droplets hitting the wooden floor.

He was feeling numb, had been since was kidnapped. He knew this numbness, it was a feeling he'd be stuck in until he was back home, and could process his emotions, but recognizing it didn't help. It was like a woolen blanket, scratchy and heavy, draped over him. It was a dread in the pit of his stomach, already anticipating the meltdown, and a distance from his body and surroundings that used to scare him, but now just increased the dread. He hoped Nigel would come soon.

Plop. The blood droplets were rhythmic, the pattern slowing the longer he remained still, quickening and changing pattern when he moved his hands. It was like tapping his legs, a bit, but more painful. Plop.

There were sounds outside the room. Yelling at first, angry and panicked. Then he could hear what they were yelling about too, as it got closer. Gunshots, overlapping fire, growing louder as he listened, blood drops forgotten.

The yelling and gunfire increased to a crescendo, loud enough that Adam wished he could cover his ears, and then it stopped. It was quiet, no groans or stray shots.

The door knob rattled, once, twice.

The bang of the door breaking down startled Adam badly enough to flinch backwards, whimpering slightly when his injured wrists pressed into the wall.

The light was near blinding after hours of the dark room, but he recognized the man in the doorway. Of course he did.

Nigel rushed forward, cursing in Romanian, and started running his hands over Adam. Checking for injuries. He cursed again when he found Adam's wrists, and pulled out a knife.

The rope was nearly embedded in the wounds, and it felt like the skin was tearing off all over again when Nigel pulled the rope away. Nigel had changed the words he was muttering, shifting from curses to soft reassurances, a mix of Romanian and English, pulling Adam's wrists forward to look at them in the light from the other room.

They looked bad. Deep, bloody marks circling both wrists, blood nearly completely covering his hands. They were bleeding again, more than before, now that the rope was gone.

The distant part of him, numb since he'd been taken and still spinning out future events, notes that it would be difficult to take showers, and get dressed, for a while with these injuries. He hoped he wouldn't have to take off work, he desperately wanted to be able to cling to a routine.

He felt like he was floating, he was so distant. He would crash back down soon, and then the meltdown would hit, but for right now, it felt like he was watching everything unfold through

water.

He was moaning now, low and pained. Nigel was still murmuring to him, and had picked him up. He carried Adam through the building, past twisted bodies and bullet holes studding the walls. He tucked Adam in front of him on his motorcycle, covering Adam with his body. The single helmet covered Adam's head, something that he would have argued at length at any other time, but went practically unnoticed now.

Then they were in their bathroom, and Nigel was washing his wrists, and it burned, and the burn woke Adam out of his trance. He started shaking, falling backwards and curling up beside the toilet, rocking slightly and clutching his arms as tightly as he could. He didn't want to hurt himself any more then he already was. He was crying, and moaning again.

He flinched when Nigel touched his shoulder, and then he was pulled bodily into the man's lap, Nigel matching his rocking, exaggerating it into a large back and forth tilt. He hugged Adam as tightly as Adam was hugging himself, giving Adam something to ground himself with. It helped, enough that the moaning subsided to be replaced with big racking sobs.

He started trying to explain it, even though he knew Nigel knew what was wrong, knew he understood. It was all stuttered, cut off words. They scared me and I couldn't get away and it hurt. Nigel just shushed him, rocking him back and forth, until the shaking lessened and the tears dried on his face. Until his brain could work again, even if he was now exhausted.

He was safe, he knew that. The men who'd taken were dead, Nigel had killed them, and they couldn't hurt him again. They would find a way for this to not happen again, a guard or something to watch Adam. They would get clean, and eat dinner, and go to bed. Nigel made dinner when Adam had bad days, and this was most definitely a bad day.

He didn't move yet, content to stay wrapped in Nigel's arms, safe and protected with the man he loved.

End Notes

Title from the ‘Old Astronomer’ by Sarah Williams

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